HEAR DR. THOMPSON — TONIGHT!

THE CAMPUS CAMERA

FOLLOW THE CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Official Student Newspaper of Eastern Nazarene College

VOL. II | WOLLASTON, MASS., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1936 | NO. 2

G. B. Williamson Tours District

CHURCHES RALLY LOYALLY TO THE COLLEGE'S CAUSE; PRESIDENT ASKS PRAYER

It is first-hand information that the CAMPUS CAMERA offers you of the tour by our President of the Washington-Philadelphia district last week. On Sunday, October 3, he began at the Collingdale Church, taking over the Sunday morning service in the interest of the College. The afternoon he spent at Lansdale and the evening at Norristown; success was with him both spiritually and financially, for he reports "a fine day's services".

The schedule for the rest of the week covered Media, Royersford, Washington, Ballston, and Baltimore; each church rallied loyally to the cause President Williamson is himself loyally representing.

Being a well-rounded type of man, Mr. Williamson took advantage of the scenic and historic places of interest at his disposal. When he was in the vicinity of Philadelphia, he drove over to Valley Forge, noted because it harbored General Washington and his army in 1776; his visit to Washington, D. C., included a tour of Arlington Cemetery and Mount Vernon, the latter George Washington's country home.

It is reported that he enjoyed every minute of his trip, but "there was one thing missing". It would have been inexpedient at best, to question Mrs. Williamson further on this line.

Pres. Williamson's one great emphasis was that he is encouraged with results on the Washington-Philadelphia district. He says, "We are winning here, but it will take time. Pray for me."

OXFORDS SING "ANCHORS AWEIGH" AS THEY CRUISE OPEN SEA

The nautically inclined Oxfords received thrills galore on their recent motor-boat ride Leaving the campus shortly after one o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 6, the crew of fun-loving students was transported to the Quincy Yacht Club at Hough's Neck, by auto.

As the trim launch headed out to sea, many exclamations of delight were evoked from the former landlubbers. Books and classes seemed far away. A new world opened up as the neat little craft sped by an armada of sailboats. Then as it purred slowly past the various government forts, it was revealed that the United States has twenty-seven fortified islands in and around Boston Harbor. The excitement was produced when the boat headed out into the rough, choppy waters of the main ocean.

Slowly the dream world vanished. All too soon passengers set foot on dry land again and in less than half an hour found themselves on the campus.

WHO FORGOT THE WEINERS?

"And they roasted me instead of the weiners!" Professor Williamson chuckled amusedly as she told of the Faculty weiner roast last Tuesday night, Oct. 6, in the Blue Hills—a weiner roast without weiners, for she had forgotten the weiners. "And a solemn bunch those professors were", was Mr. Garrison's comment, "while they waited fifteen minutes for Mr. Sotoriades to drive back for the frankfurts."

It was the night of Nautilus picture day that it all happened. Mrs. Williamson suddenly remembered, after the fire was blazing, warm and bright, that the weiners had stayed behind in the ice-box. She gasped, then laughed, and in the midst of eager questioning, admitted the truth. She felt like Old Mother Hubbard without a doubt. And our downhearted professors divided their attention between solemnly watching one another and following the magic shadows that the fire made among the leaves and branches of the trees. And we don't know, but we imagine Professor Garrison burst out laughing more than once at the plight of the teachers who had no bone because the cupboard was bare.

But all ended very happily. The weiners arrived, though late, and about sixteen professors and wives gathered comfortably about the fire to enjoy the more their delayed frolic.

MINGLEDORFF TAKES HELM

During the absence of President Williamson from October 3 to October 12, Professor Mingledorff capably took leadership as president of Eastern Nazarene College. His responsibilities are not few but his resourcefulness is great. The college is privileged to possess two so mighty men at the helm of its administration.

NEW STUDENTS DISPLAY TALENTS IN YEARLY PROGRAM

With curiosity old students wonded their way Friday, October 2, to the chapel to attend the traditional yearly New Student program. On this occasion the new members of our school hunted out their outstanding talents, arranged them in attractive order, and displayed them for the benefit of the faculty and former students.

Vocal solos and duets, instrumental solos, readings, and specimens of original wit—we found unmeasured gifts here, and both Oxfords and Nobels scanned all these merits with appreciation. For our new students are our income; on them our success this year depends. We are delighted to find them so congenially whole-hearted in co-operation, so willing to give of themselves to the fibre of character-building E. N. C.

Calendar of Events

October

16—Dr. Thompson through Fine Arts Department
Acad.-Theo. vs. Freshmen football
17—Historical Society Walking Trip through Boston
19—Class prayer meetings
20—Oxfords vs Nobels—football
21—Chapel time club and society meetings
22—Historical Society Walking Trip through Boston
23—Juniors vs. Soph—football
Forensic Club debate
26—Class prayer meetings
ing, Acad.-Theol. vs Seniors—football
30—Juniors vs Seniors—football

EVERYBODY LOOKS UP AS GIANT HINDENBURG FLIES OVER CAMPUS

A quarter-mile of tapered silver dirigible, the Hindenburg glided between the Mansion and the Ad building, a monument to the greatnes of human machinations. "The ship's name, its identifying numerals, the Olympic circles painted on its sides and the swastika emblems on the fins at its stern were all clearly visible." (THE BOSTON HERALD). It was flying at an estimated altitude of 750 feet. On this flight from the naval air base at Lakehurst, N. J., through Hartford, Springfield, Worcester, Boston to Providence there were fifty-one passengers besides the crew of forty.

The Hindenburg is the largest dirigible in existence, 200 feet shorter than the S. S. Queen Mary. Captained by Ernest Lehman, who is backed by Commander Hugo Eckner (chairman of the board of the Zeppehic Company) it makes regular trips from Germany to South America every three weeks. Its average speed is eighty miles per hour. The Hindenburg on its last trip crossed the Atlantic in fifty-five hours breaking its own record by nine hours. One of its feats was to carry a furnace which weighed a ton and a half, to Denmark. It brought the plane belonging to the winner of the National Air Races to America.

The commercial success of the Hindenburg contrasts greatly with that attained in America. Through the loss of its dirigibles, the Shenandoah, Los Angeles, Akron, and Macon, the U. S. has realized no such achievement. Germany with competent officers is showing the commercial practibility of dirigibles. Thousands, yes, tens of thousands crowded the open places to see the Hindenburg go over. How long will it be before the passing of a dirigible is a common occurence?

Dr. E. D. Thompson, Nationally Known Platform Artist Comes Here Again Tonight

NAUTILUS PICTURE DAY IS TIME OF ACTION, FROLIC

Many students found voice for their feelings of good will and freedom in happy chatter and enthusiastic co-operation on Nautilus Picture Day. The oncoming Nautilus is destined to be a very attractive number as the smiles in the merry groups were not few for each society took its place before the interesting camera-man in rapid succession.

The first picture was one of the entire student body seated in the Chapel. Next, a ruddy group assembled on the Administration Building steps for the Oxford picture. They soon gave place to the enthusiastic Nobels. Following, vere the Expression Classes. Other attractive looking groups were the Glee Clubs in uniform apparel, the Historical Society, the Student Council, and the Campus Camera Staff, all of which were taken in the library. Another interesting feature was the sight of forty Academy students collected in front of the Mansion Building. The Voice and Piano students made a crowd the school should be proud of. The jolly brogue of the cameraman commanded "quiet blease" when the Young Women's Athletic Association filled the Mansion steps and porch. "Vill zee leetle lady stand here blease?" aroused much fun and comment. The boys made an impression by bringing tennis racket and basket balls for a sports picture. With the ringing of the dinner bell we realized that time had captured the morning and flown. But another Nautilus Picture Day had paved the way for history.

VIKINGS RISE EARLY TO HIKE BREAKFAST AT SQUANTUM

Ringing bells,—rising Nobels;
Morning Hiking—"these blue Vikings!"
Nobels feasting; Oxfords sleeping.

Yesterday morning, Oct. 15, the wide-a-wake Nobels arose at 5 o'clock in anticipation of the crisp, delicious bacon and eggs and crunchy pancakes to be had at Peavey's cottage, at Squantum. All set to go at 5:15, the lively group hiked on foot, disdaining the E. N. C. method of hiking in cars.

For several years now the Nobel sunrise breakfast has found a welcome place in the program of E. N. C. Echoes of the past this morning united with the voice of the present and once again fun welcomed in the day. Ties of friendship were awakened and strengthened. Laughs were not few, stretching all the way from Squantum to the campus where the wind-blown group of students scurried to eight o'clock clases.

REPUTED READER IS BRILLIANT CONVERSATIONALIST; LIKES TO TRAVEL; SING; ENJOYS LISTENING TO BASEBALL BROADCASTS. SAYS TRUE HOMELIFE KEY TO SUCCESS

Of national repute Dr. Edward Abner Thompson, the blind reader, will entertain E. N. C. students for the tenth consecutive year tomorrow evening, Friday evening, October 16. Those who have heard him in the past eagerly await his arrival this year. Those to whom he is new may anticipate without disappointment a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

HE IS VERSATILE

Despite his blindness, Dr. Thompson is a fascinating conversationalist. His versatility and interest in human nature reveal his unusual personality. He types; he likes to sing; he enjoys travel; and most of all he delights in athletics, especially baseball as it is broadcast over the radio. But his interests do not prevent him from discharging his duty as the father of three children. In his estimation congenial homelife is essential to success.

A native of Arkansas, Dr. Thompson received his A. M. degree from Bowdoin College, Maine. At present he is teacher of voice and interpretation at the Curry School of Expression in Boston where Prof. Simpson, head of our Expression Dept. has studied under him. Three months of the year the noted reader spends touring the country, filling engagements in universities, clubs, and private schols. The summer he spends as teacher in Wisconsin while those who attend the Boston Public Library programs in the winter claim him an essential favorite.

ENJOYS VISITING E. N. C.

That such an eminent and widely appreciated public speaker should find enjoyment in visiting E. N. C. might seem strange. But from the lips of the poet himself it was discovered that Dr. Thompson receives genuine inspiration in the opening invocation upon our progroms. That the audience is benefited by his presence is certain. His composure, his ease, his complete command of subject are expresed through both facial expression and bearing.

Among the most outstanding numbers Dr. Thompson has presented at E. N. C. are Cyrano de Bergeroc, Disraeli, The Merchant of Venice, Hamlet, The Vision of Sir Launfal, and Hiawatha. Variety, however, in the form of miscellaneous readings will characterize the coming program. Unexpected surprises will be many. Plan to be there. Prof. Simpson in behalf of the Expression Dept. invites and urges all to attend.

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WANTED — AN OPINION!

We hear much about opinions these days. Newspapers are repeatedly revealing the opinions of nationally popular men with regard to the coming presidential election. Bible students are unceasingly expressing their opinions of the times. Where situations and human nature conflict there will always arise—opinions.

We rub shoulders with them, we stumble upon them, we laugh at them. At WHAT, you will ask! At the opionions of others. That we treat our fellow creatures, representatives thus, is disdainful. But that we fail to create living thought patterns of our own is inexcusable. Pardon. You profess to have an opinion? If so, first, what is your OPINION? If you can faithfully, clearly interpret those many problems of your life and then can arrive at thoughtful conclusions of your own, you have an opinion.

Now, what is YOUR opinion? Undoubtedly you have witnessed discussions, "bull sessions" or petitions. Forget them! Prejudice has no place in an honest opinion, and surely we will be honest with ourselves.

What is your opinion? Very often we rant on the negative side of the issue. Can you seek out positive values and state them to yourself? "What is NOT" is insufficient; "what is" spells propriety.

Finally, WHAT is your opinion? Now you may express yourself. And we hope you have found a happy medium—that opinion which is neither radical on the one hand, nor passively and inactively submissive to circumstance on the other.

Think for yourself. Form your own opinion.

RESPECT

Are we at E. N. C. so engrossed with the acquisition of intellectual and cultural knowledge that we forget the basic principles of our home training—respect and consideration of others? "We may be paying too much for the whistles," as Ben. Franklin expressed it. Let us examine ourselves.

Has that person you consider your inferior been unkindly treated this week? Did you forget to pay that dime you borrowed from your chum? How much do you hinder your roommate from studying by gossiping with your friends? What is your attitude toward the officers of student organizations? They are your leaders. How do you act on the gym floor? Do you respect those in authority over you? You may disagree with them, but never be so small as to disrespect them. Lastly, do you reverence the place of worship—the House of God?

E. K.

ON BEING AN INDIVIDUAL

"We move too much in platoons; we march by sections; we do not live in our vital individuality; we are slaves to fashion, in mind and in heart, if not to our passions and appetites." The words of the philosopher never seemed more true than at the present time. One person in a thousand really thinks for himself. Millions of people follow sheeplike the mode of the time and the diction of a few puny persons. This condition is alarming and distressing to thinkers of today.

Our own campus is no exception. There is a woeful lack of individuality on our own campus. In our hurried life here few take time to think and act for themselves. Most of us seem to react to stimuli like so many amoeba. Some student comes out with a witty saying and immediately it becomes the campus pun. Another student gets some radical idea and at once other students thoughtlessly agree.

"Education is learning how to live"—to live as an individual. Why come to school if we shall be unable to properly take our place in society later as solid, upright, thoughtful citizens? Not nations, not armies have advanced the race; but here and there an individual has stood up and cast his shadow over the world. "Every great man is a unique". Have you a desire to cast a shadow over the world? Are you ambitious to do good; if so, be an individual. Stand on your own feet. Uphold your convictions. It is better to be wrong in your stand than always to run with the crowd. Come on, future America, be INDIVIDUALISTIC!

Some Sense

The Optimist Creed

To be too large for worry, too noble for anger, too strong for fear, and too happy to permit the presence of trouble.

* * * * * *

News flash: A certain Harvard professor recently let out the information that Boston is no longer the center of culture. He explained that the center of culexpture has moved to Cleveland. (All persons from Cleveland please raise their hands. They will receive a gold star today).

* * * * * *

Garland: (In dining hall) "You pay your waiters here don't you?"
Cater: "Of course we do!"
Garland: "Well, then pay me my half day's wages, I'm tired of waiting and am going to quit."

* * * * * *

....It has been told to us that Robin Clougher is the best "coffee thrower" on the campus.

* * * * * *

Scene: Dry cleaning plant.
Employee: "And in that large room in the rear we have several dyeing vats."
Lucinia Van Dyke: "Oh, isn't that a shame! And can't you do something for them?"—LEHIGH BURRO

* * * * * *

And then there is the story about a snake. Miss Fess will be the narrator.

* * * * * *

S. S. Superintendent Reeves will agree with the READER'S DIGEST. It says, "Now is the time for the annual Sunday School exertion."

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Speaking of good fortune, did you know that Jack Lampher's "Chip" has come in recently?"

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Did You Know—

The first railroad in the United States was built in Quincy, Mass., in 1827, to haul granite for the Bunker Hill monument?

The dirigible "Hindenburg", only 200 feet shorter than the ocean liner "Queen Mary", carries 51 passengers as contrasted with the "Queen Mary" 4,000?

The average person has a vocabulary of 8,000 to 10,000 words? (It is said, however, that only 850 are really necessary)?

An open-minded man is young, no matter what year he was born in?—RAYS OF SUNSHINE

NOBELS WIN LOVING CUP

The contest between the Oxfords and Nobels to secure the greater percentage of membership subscriptions to the CAMPUS CAMERA was launched September 29, in chapel. At first it was decided that October 2, 11:30 a. m., would be the closing hour. But when that hour rolled around, both societies agreed that they could still secure more subscriptions were the time extended. Hence, the dead line was changed to 5 p. m. of October 6.

Although wholehearted effort and excellent co-operation was manifested on both sides the Nobels were the final victors. Ninety-four per cent of their society paid their CAMPUS CAMERA subscriptions in contrast to the 88 percentage total of the Oxfords.

The engraved silver loving cup will be given to the winning society.

"RULE, CHOOSE," COMBINED THOUGHT OF THE REV. WHITE'S MESSAGE

A poignant sermon on an ever appropriate subject was preached by our new pastor, Reverend S. S. White, Sunday evening, October 11. His message embodied parallel texts from Proverb 16: 32 and 25:28. They are respectively.

"Better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city" and "He that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down and without walls."

His use of illustrations was limited but the concise, pointed, thought-provoking statements were many. With startling frankness he revealed the attitude of the world both toward its own philosophy of life and toward that of the Christians'. Referring to the vital teaching of salvation, he declared, "In the atheistic university they'll tell you nobody believes it. And when the world gets your attention and smallest acceptance of its fads, it will assure you that 'everybody's doing it!'"

But the message did not close at this crucial point. Fearlessly and positively Rev. Mr. White assured his congregation of the basic error of sin and the essential truthfulness of the Word of God. Then with a direct appeal in the words, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve" he brought the sermon to an effective close.

UPPER CLASSMEN ORGANIZE

Sunday School at E. N. C. this year promises to be a time of enjoyment and profitable learning. There is a splendid spirit of enthusiasm on the campus concerning the Sunday morning classes. The upper classmen are especially looking forward to the year's program under the guidance of Professor Marquart.

Last Sunday the class was formally organized. Henry Koehler was elected president and Warren Christian, secretary. Professor Marquart urged each member of the class to attempt to influence other young men in Wollaston to attend our Sunday School.

Another interesting phase of the Sunday School's year is a proposed contest between Professor Munro's and Professor Marquart's classes. The contest will be inaugurated within the next few weeks.

ADDITIONS MULTIPLY CHARM OF ALREADY BEAUTIFUL CAMPUS

E. N. C. has many things of which to be proud. Not least among these is the enchanting campus. The variety of trees each lend their gorgeously hued leaves to form a scene of great beauty. At this time of the year one is compelled to hesitate and admire the wondrous work of Nature.

Recently there has been an addition to the campus which enables students to fully enjoy our landscape. Through the skill and generosity of Mr. Babcock a dozen rustic benches have been placed at select parts of the campus. Many important and historic discoveries are oft times made from these benches. Here one can study nature, and other things.

Who's Who Among New Faculty Members

MISS WARNER

"A Quaker maid she was
Blithe, young, and fair"

Yes, "thee" and "thy" are still common terminology in Miss Warners family circle. But if she had not told us, we would never have guessed that she who presides over the dining-hall was a Quaker. Her charming personality and cheery smile bespeak everything but a drab and colorless past. A member of the Friends' Church from birth, Miss Warner was educated in private schools of that denomination until 1921 when she entered Cleveland Bible Institute. Being graduated three years later, she assumed the pasition of teacher at C. B. I. where she taught various subjects until this year of her coming to E. N. C. Besides her work here as assistant-dean of Munro Hall, she is taking courses toward her A. B. degree. What is unique about our Quaker friend is that she has never had a hobby. Will she find one at E. N. C.? One never can tell.

MISS FESS

A wistful smile, bashful eyes, and a silvery chuckle introduced me to the new Latin teacher, Miss Fess, an alumnus of E. N. C. of the class '30, is again at home in her Alma Mater. Born in Ohio, she attended Cleveland Bible Institute from which she was graduated in 1924. The following year she came to Wollaston where as college student she spent what she termed the most enjoyable years of her life. During the six years following she taught Latin in three different Pilgrim schools. Although she thoroughly enjoys her subject and thinks every teacher should to be successful, she does not spend her spare time studying irregular verbs. Lettering and printing greeting cards are her favorite occupation. But you are more clever than we if you can account for her pet animal being the owl; usually Latin "profs" have a pet sparrow. That her favorite dish is snake meat we have our doubt; but that she despises being offered a position as matron of students we are certain.

MR. HENRY REEVES

Another returned alumnus to E. N. C.'s campus this year is Mr. Reeves. Popularly known as "Hank' while a student, he now possesses the dignified title of dean of men. The night of his graduation in June, 1934, was a doubly momentous one for half an hour after receiving his diploma, he discovered himself one of the two central figures in the daisy-bedecked wedding chapel. A pastorate in the Nazarene Church of Bellemore, Long Island, was immediately opened to him along with the possibility of taking advanced graduate work in N. Y. U. Under his leadership the church advanced spiritually and in membership until in 1936 he undertook the double position of employment manager and dean of men at E. N. C. Along with these duties he has lately been elected superintendent of the Wollaston Church Sunday School. Still he finds time to carry out the duties of faithful husband and fond father.

Old Students Turn Back New in Evening of Track, Volleyball

NEW FACES UNSUCCESSFUL IN CAPTURING A WIN; VOLLEYBALL GAME A THRILLER. PING PONG ADDS SPICE

Friday night, October 9, the new and the old students clashed for the first time in a duel meet featuring three relay races and a volley ball game. As a special feature the finals of the ping pong tournament were played and the champion crowned.

The first event was a relay race. Four men ran for each team, each man running four laps. This was easily won by the old students as was the following four-man race. The girls then came through to win their race with ease. The girls ran two laps each and displayed both speed and fight.

After the "ping pong" finals the new students were downed by a 21 to 8 score in a volley ball game. The old students displayed good team work the back men "setting em up" for the forward wall who "smeared the pill" to gather the points.

The whole evening was packed with fun and thrills and Ross received many compliments for the successful handling of the evening's events.

GIRLS TO PUT DYNAMITE IN NEW ATHLETIC PROGRAM

The first meeting of the Girls' Athletic Association was held on October 5. Officers elected at that time were Ruth Shepherd, president; Jean Goodnow, vice-president; Thelma Swift, secretary; and Marion Washburn, treasurer. There are about thirty members.

Signs of vigorous life were displayed by the Association immediately after their organization. About ten candidates represented the Club in the athletic exhibition held in the gym last Friday evening. The old girls came out ahead by winning the two-lap relay race. During the other events of the evening, cheers and applause from the feminine section proved how well they back their co-workers of the young Men's Athletic Association.

And that is not the end. Witches will ride and black cats will cross paths where goblins hide when Ruth Shepherd and the committee which is now at work, complete their plans for the social at Hallowe'en.

GIRLS LAUNCH VOLLEYBALL SCHEDULE NEXT WEEK

Have we lost our pep? lost our vim? lost our vigor? NO! With this inspiring announcement volley ball was launched by the girls at E. N. C. Enthusiastically they responded to the call of Jean Goodnow, vice-president of the Women's Athletic Organization. When the list of those who signed up was counted, it was found that the Nobels and Oxfords each had a full team. Preliminary practice in gym classes has been exciting and we can predict some snappy and interesting games this fall. The first game is scheduled to be played off on Tuesday evening, October 20.

Hadley Again Crowned Champ

Henry "Bumps" Hadley again becomes ping pong champ of the college. Last Friday night before a good crowd in the gym Hadley "bumped off" Ray Quiggin in a slap bang game of "rec. room tennis" by the score of 21-19, 21-17, 20-22, 21-18 to again hold sway in this realm of sport. For those who appreciated the game it was a good exhibition of ping pong playing. For those who didn't understand it was a lot of fun to see those two big fellows chasing and slapping the little white ball all over the place.

Ray Quiggin, the underdog from the start, played a fine game and was constantly threatening for the lead. His drives and serves were very accurate and very bothersome to Hadley. Henry in turn played an unusual, careful, consistent game and won by out-lasting his opponent.

Congratulations to the new champ and best wishes for future success to Ray in this sport.

LOOKING AHEAD

Although we as a college do not play intercollegiate football we nevertheless have great interest in the outcome of the other college games. Each fellow has his pet team and usually has several choice players whom he regards as All-American prospects. This year football in general is a faster, more open game than ever before and a chance of last minute upsets are always possible. (Holy Cross vs. Dartmouth).

Watch the CAMERA for further notice in which each student will be given his or her opportunity to pick the winner of the leading Thanksgiving Day games, an All-American team, and the team to go to the Rose Bowl.

FOOTBALL GAMES TO BE PLAYED

Oct. 16	—Acad.-Theo	vs. Sen.
Oct. 20	—Oxf.	vs. Nob.
Oct. 23	—Jun.	vs. Soph.
Oct. 27	—Acad.-Theo.	vs. Sen.
Oct. 30	—Jun.	vs. Sen.
Nov. 3	—Oxf.	vs. Nob.

Sporty–Vents

Ping pong, volley ball, and relay races comprised the opening program of the winter sport series last Friday. The competition in the relay races and the volley ball game was divided into two groups, the old students versus the new. It was the old students' night and they made a clean sweep of all the events.

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Of all the ramblings of Yours Truly among the sport world we have never encountered such good sportsmanship and clean competition as was displayed last Friday evening. The relay races afforded much amusement as well as many thrills among the spectators. The fellows tried hard enough but some of them just didn't have makings of a trackman. All in all, it was a very good show and coach Ross Emerick deserves a world of credit for his splendid work in the athletic department.

Have you noticed the new back-stop on the base ball field? I am told it is the work of Babcock and his "gang"....Also hear rumors that a new track will be constructed around the ball diamond.

* * * * * *

The annual fall tennis tourney has been discontinued for this year and interest is, for the present, centered on the football schedule. There are yet seven games to be played and we notice that the Sophomores and Academy-Theologs are tied in games won and lost, each winning one and tying one. The academy is the strongest looking aggregation to date and it is our guess that they will come out "on top" at the end of the season.

* * * * * *

Brief bits: Coach Emerick is busy preparing for the coming basketball season and expects better competition than ever from the various teams....a track meet, similar to the "olympic day" of last spring, may be held in the near future....Had the pleasure of meeting E. N. C's famous distance runner. "Doc" (never did learn his last name). "Doc" claims he would have won last spring if the race had been longer.

Bill Murch

SPORTISMS

These past few days have been active ones. New Students find out how it feels to come in last; it really was only second but that's because there were only two teams competing. Our flying Indian friend has learned that it doesn't pay to cut the corners. By the way -- did you notice some of the facial expressions -- hi, Mr. Smith! Volley ball seemed to be "way over the heads" of the new students.

Mrs. Mann never asks, "Has anyone seen my husband?" She just goes over to the A. A. field and there is Prof. showing the boys how football really should be played.

"Bumps" came through to make my prediction true. Quiggin sure ran a close second, no joking!

We wonder——why the Acad.-Theo. team couldn't beat the Sophs? (too many paper clippings?) -- Why the fellows didn't mind climbing the right field fence during the last baseball game? (this isn't "sour" grapes either) —— If you have heard of the new indoor sport? It's seeing how quickly you can get your lights out and be in bed after you hear a familiar knock on someone else's door.

The students like volley ball! We would appreciate a lot more of it being played. Last Friday night was not a real test of the new students' ability. Let's give them another game soon.

Lost!!! —— lots of breath. Return the same, if found, to new student, Mr. Marstin, — slips!

--Joe Phile

OPPORTUNITY

This I behold, or dreamed it in a dream—
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shacked upon swords and shields, a prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by falls.
A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel—
That blue blade that the king's son bears—but this
Blunt thing!"—he snapt and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away, and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore, bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and, with battle shout
Lifted afresh, he hewed the enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

Edward Roland Sill

MOOD

The world is transformed tonight. God has lavishly clothed tree, shrub, and house with fairy-like garments of gossamer. The garments shimmer and glisten with luster of a thousand diamonds merged into one. Softly from one of the lighted houses across the street steals forth the soft strains of some light, gay melody. Yet it does not make me gay. It makes me very sad. A queer, dull pain throbs through me: my soul cries out with a great longing for something to satisfy its prisoned loneliness. How shall I satisfy it? Alas I do not know.

Bertha Ruthkowski, '38

OLD THINGS

I like the smell of tangible old things such as musty, yellowed books on sagging shelves in second-hand book stores, and old lace, full skirted dresses lifted from mildewed trunks in attics; and I like the smell of old houses made of pine wood now sweetened with age and life.

Hope George, Academy

NIGHT

A starry blanket has been unfurled
Over all the tired world.
Away in the distance the whip-poor-will cries
As the moon rocks low in the purple skies.
The wind hums a soft lullaby,
And the trees hear him and sigh,
Yes, night has cast her spell
Over every hill and dale.

Florence Larson, '40

PICTURESQUE SPEECH

"He had not ruined her, as a bad professor may ruin a fine voice, because her moral force immeasurably exceeded his; he had unwittingly produced a masterpiece, but it was a tragic masterpiece."

Arnold Bennett

MY WORLD OF MAKE-BELIEVE

Everyone said that I was a strangely quiet youngster. I would sit in my rocking chair making no disturbance whatsoever, so that I was regarded as a model child as far as behavior is concorned.

But I wasn't quiet! I was always running around in dark, green forests, playing games with fairies and elves. They would flit in and out among the trees and I was forever following them. Although my greatest desire was to catch one of them, they either squeezed out of my hands or melted away. Most of the time I was too big and awkward to keep up with them, but at other times when my imagination was working better I too was tiny and graceful.

Often these tantalizing creatures led me down to the edge of a winding stream where we all bent over, looking into the water to see our reflection in the liquid mirror below us. Then into the stream we slipped, skillfully swimming toward a large rock where we would sit and visit with the water nymphs. I envied them so! I always wanted to be a water nymph. They were so beautiful, and fresh, and clean. When we had rested awhile the nymphs took us to their palatial homes beneath the water. It was such a long dive down that it usually took my breath away. Two nymphs took hold of my hands and we floated down together because I never could have gone so far down alone.

When we came up out of the water again we scrambled to the top of a high hill where the wind blew our hair and clothes dry. It was fun to stand there with the wind beating against your body. I loved the wind. It made me feel strong, and my body tingled with life and joy. I felt strangely alive. The fairies didn't like it so well because it sometimes blew them back down the hill but often I'd hold their hands and they stood there as strong as I. Then I was glad that I wasn't a fairy.

I always felt sleepy after I had been on the hill awhile, and my dream world generally stopped there. Perhaps I fell asleep. I never did understand why we never came down the hill again.

Naomi Crean, '37

POTPOURRI

William Wallace Garland

CLOTHESLINES

Clotheslines
fluttering in the wind
socks and sheets
and pillow-cases
Mrs. Brown's petticoat
waves gaily
to Mr. Jordan's shirt
across
the alley.

SCRUB-WOMAN

The fourth vice-president
of the bank
leaves the building
passing
by a scrub-woman
on the marble floor—
a grizzled scrub-woman
whose only son
lies
in Flander's Fields.

TO OMAR KHAYYAM

O Thou, of Nishapur
who drank thy round
and silently
descended
'neath the couch
of earth,
where art thou now,
We laugh
and drink of life,
and summer
proudly decks herself
with bloom,
but with the chill
of winter
flowers die
and we, with faltering steps,
descend
to thy abode.
We are forgotten
but thy name,
immortal,
lives.

TROUBLE

Trouble, trouble
toil and bubble
Fairyland is in despair,
Titania's huffed at Oberon
for putting on
long underwear.

TROPICAL GARDEN

Sunlight filters
through banana leaves
and odor of jasmine
mingle
with the scent
of orange blossoms
and sweet limes.

VOICES

Through the silver silence
of the night
filter soft sighs,
indistinct murmurs.
Are the pansies
talking to each other,
or is it
a ghost
sighing
with weariness.

ROYAL KAGA

Priceless bit
of porcelain,
painted
with a thousand faces.
dainty, painted
pagan priests
gaily dressed
in robes of blue,
dressed in robes
of gold and crimson.
Tell me, Porcelain.
do they
sing their songs
and whisper prayers--
or do they
yawn
with weariness?

NOTES OF INTEREST

THE CAMPUS CAMERA sincerely thanks both the Oxford and Nobel literary societies for their co-operation in securing subscriptions.

OUTSIDE SUBSCRIBERS take notice. Three free issues of this semester's CAMPUS CAMERA will be sent to all last year's subscribers who paid in full. Renewal of subscriptions for this semester in these cases will be $.50 post paid to make up for the three issues which we were unable to put out last semester.

Historical Society Has Eventful Day on North Shore Trip

On Saturday, October 3, a large number of the students went on the North Shore Historical Trip. The groups went in private cars. A crisp autumn day doubled the pleasure of the trip. We started out about nine o'clock and drove first to Sudbury to visit the Wayside Inn, the old colonial inn owned by Henry Ford. On the bottom of a wooden maple-sugar pail which had been brought from the Coolidge farm in Vermont were the signatures of the Prince of Wales, now Edward VIII of England, Calvin, Grace, and John Coolidge. Thomas Edison, Harvey Firestone, and Henry Ford. In the kitchen of the Wayside Inn were the old fireplace and brick oven, old fashioned lamps, candle molds, and utensils. Upstairs were bedrooms where many famous people have slept.

Historical Concord and Lexington were the next stopping places and after visiting the bridge and battle ground and having lunch at Lexington we drove on to Salem. On the way we stopped at the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery and saw the graves of Louisa M. Alcott, Thoreau, Margaret Sydney, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Hawthorne.

At Salem we visited the Pioneer Village. This is an exact replica of Salem in 1726 in the days of the Puritans. We saw the pillory and stocks, the homes, and the various methods of industry that the Puritans had. Then we went across the town to the House of Seven Gables. We saw the Little Shop and Clifford's bedroom, the chair where Judge *Pyncheon died, and the secret* passage which Hawthorne made famous in his book The House of Seven Gables. We were allowed to climb up through the passage into the attic.

This is the last place we visited, and we drove back to college conscious that we had spent a profitable and pleasureable day.

--Betty Gatchell

L. E. S. SCHEDULE

The Scriptures say that "we are workers together with God". The L. E. S. counts this a great privilege. With the unlimited resources of God's storehouse at our command, we are assured of great triumph. Being workers with God has been manifested in the type of service that has been held through the past week. From Sunday, October 4, to Sunday, October 11, we held 21 services. On October 4, Rally Day alone, we held 15 of these. The remaining services were held in missions and churches, through the week.

As God has been with us in the past so will He be with us in the future. Our schedule for the next few weeks is as follows: Union Rescue Mission, Wednesday, October 14; Merrimac Mission, Thursday, October 15; New Bedford Nazarene Church, Sunday, October 18 and 25; Hough's Neck Congregational Church, October 18; and Squantum Congregational Church, Friday, November 6. We are also making plans for services in other missions and churches during this period.

To strike nearer home, the L. E. S. is planning a Musical Program here at school on Friday, November 6. Last year we put on a similar program at Hough's Neck, which proved to be entertaining and a blessing. We trust that our program on November 6 will mean as much to the students at E. N. C.

We are determined to press on with a conqueror's tread till Jesus comes.

Albert Lewis
President of the L. E. S.

A BLUE HILL BREAKFAST AT FIVE FOR S. S. B.

The S. S. B.'s are still functioning, at least when it comes to preparing breakfasts. Thursday, October 8, found them again in the Blue Hills at 5 A. M. But this time it was no hen party. Five fellows besides Prof. and Mrs. Mann were allowed to accompany the young ladies. Very necessary they proved to be. They did the shopping, assisted in the transportation to the Blue Hills, and carried the wood for the fire. Besides, it was announced, that they ate fruit, fried bacon and eggs, coffee and rolls.

After breakfast a certain athletic coach faithfully discharged his duty by enlivening the group with set us exercises. Different ones were shot (by the camera) right and left and in the midst of the scramble. Prof. Mann barely escaped a bath in the lake.

Co-operation and altruism, the chief professed characteristics of the S. S. B,. were constantly in evidence it was reported, as the group drove into the campus.

NEW PASTOR, SUPERINTENDENT CHOSEN FOR NEW YEAR

Rev. S. S. White, professor of Theology at E. N. C., was elected as pastor of Wollaston Church of the Nazarene at a recent church-board meeting. Because of his previous experience Mr. White is well-fitted for the pastorate here.

Reverend Henry Reeves, dean of men at E. N. C., was chosen as superintendent of the Sunday School. Future services will be very attractive. Each student and church member is urged to back the new leaders.

FELLOWS! HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO BECOME BIG AND STRONG

Are you a member of Abe's Strength Club? If not, you are missing one of the most important courses at E. N. C. Every young man should be vitally interested in his physical improvement. One's physique should be perfected as well as one's intellect. Brilliant minds are never at their best unless they have sound healthy bodies to support them. Therefore, it is reasonable to join a club that offers great privileges at "fire-sale rates."

There are many, many clubs throughout our land, but none are as unique as Abe's Strength Club. For instance, Abe promises to give each member such exercise that will make his voice like that of a Missouri hog-caller. Again, Abe stoutly declares that his exercise is of great aid to piano playing. Haven't you heard how his music teacher raves about his ability at the keyboard? Best of all, he emphatically guarantees his course to drive away all shyness, especially of the girls. Don't Abe's actions prove that!

Seriously, the exercises prescribed by Abe are really worthwhile. If one should faithfully adhere to instructions daily, he will improve rapidly. Complexions will clear up; lost "pep" will return; minds will function more clearly; life can be really enjoyed when one knows he is physically fit to meet the battles of each day. Popularity will come to those who are well balanced mentally and physically.

"PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT SHOULD BE RE-ELECTED" —FORENSIC CLUB

E. N. C.'s future orators gathered on Monday evening, October 5, for the purpose of electing new officers and to discuss plans for the coming year. Professor White opened the meeting by giving an inspirational speech on the value of debating. The following officers were then elected: Robert Kirkland, president; Stephen Bennett, vice-President; Earl Scott, secretary; Don Metz, treasurer.

Plans were then discussed for the coming year. Each member of the society was asked to give a three minute talk on the coming election at the next meeting. One week from tomorrow night the club will hold a debate in the college chapel for the entertainment of the school.

The topic to be considered is; "President Roosevelt should be re-elected". Stephen Bennett and Florence Larson will form the affirmitive team. Helen Mooshian and Don Metz will make up the negative team. This promises to be an interesting and informative discussion. Faculty and Students are urged to attend the debate and to support the society.

ALUMNOTES

Albert Martin, of '35 is regis- Hubert Wilkins, is taking ad- Harvard University.

One member of the class of '35, Hubert Wilkins is taking advanced work at Boston University.

Samuel McLaughlin a '24 graduate is teaching at Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa.

Kenneth Aikens, a graduate of the class of '35, is touring New England, with Samuel Young, for the interest of the college.

Henry Reeves, of '34 is "the man" about the campus of Eastern Nazarene College. He is Dean of Men, head of the Employment Bureau, and is taking advanced work at Boston University.

Roswell Peavey, class of '34, is attending the Graduate School of Boston University, but we wonder when.

Eunice Brown of '35 is working in the office of Jordan Marsh Company in Boston, Massachusetts.

Walter Hazard, Theological Department '34, is doing evangelistic work in New York.

Elizabeth Rapalje, of '35 is attending Normal School in West Chester, Deleware.

Please send news of yourself or other alumni to Alumni Editor, E. N. C.

ACTIVITY PLUS

THE NAUTILUS staff has its plans well laid for a year of progressive work. Regular work periods have been assigned its various members. Each person has his own duty which when performed will add its part toward perfecting the whole.

A snap-shot contest is being launched. There will be a prize for the best snap-shot submitted. Get busy, amateur photographers, and snap up this offer. Your entry will help to make this Nautilus the best yet.

All juniors and seniors are urged to have their individual pictures taken right away. They all must be "Purdy pictures."

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